

Cracked Ceiling version DMHG

ohsnap i read

Harry Potter

Complete



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Summary

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Description:

He finally got what he wanted. Non-Con. One-shot. COMPLETE.

1. Cracked Ceiling version DMHG

Hey guys! Here's a little something to tide you guys over for now while I work on the other chapters of "Lost Hope." I think I'm on a roll right now, so hopefully this will be a good winter break for all of us!

Disclaimer: I do not own Harry Potter

Title: Cracked Ceiling version DMHG

Rating: Adult

The room was bitterly cold. There were no windows to the outside world and the only opening was the doorway located across the room, hidden behind the charms and spells that constantly moved it from its location, making it impossible for the person living in the room to even find the doorknob. A naked bulb gave harsh illumination to the bare floorboards and Spartan furnishings. Its light casting darkness along the white walls, creating shadows that only appeared in a child's nightmares and in horror movies.

He looked at her, passionately; she turned away and stared at the white walls. Her face was set, without life or hope. However, tears leaked out of her eyes, making it glassy and glazed. She refused to look at him with emotion, knowing that was what he wanted the most. She turned her body away from him. Curling into herself, she sobbed silently to herself as he stroked her spine and caressed her legs with adoration.

He moaned.

Taking her by the shoulders he drew her back to face him. Angrily taking her face into his hands. His palms were large, eating the side of her face with his long fingers. She remembered other girls talking about his fingers. Giggling at how his hands always brought pleasure to them, about how he would have made an amazing pianist with such beautiful hands.

They were constantly talking about how beautiful he was. *The perfect example of a male*, they would rave. She thought otherwise. She loathed him with the passion of a thousand burning suns. His very existence pained her.

His coloring was pale. Everything about him was pale, he had pale skin, pale eyes, pale hair... but only to her. To everyone else, he was a picture of perfection. His face was aristocratic in nature. His chin was pointed, but it accented his jaw line, making it refined. *The jaw line of a model*, girls would muse. Whenever he walked, his body moved sensually,

with such grace it would have been considered a feminine walk on any other male. His hair was straight, cut shorter than his father's, but long enough to pull off the look of a man who just had a lover run her hands through his golden locks. His shoulders were broad, capable of enveloping a girl, making her feel safe and protected, yet broad enough to instill fear in any male who challenged him.

His lean body was similar to a swimmer's body. His legs were strong like that of a soccer player's. He was tall. His clothes were perfect and fit him to perfection. He was perfection. Girls constantly stole glances at him, flirting with him. They sent sultry glances, making love to him with their eyes.

But he never cared. He never glanced back. He never sent sultry glances. Instead, he glared. His eyes were cold. Unresponsive. The icy gray of his eyes made him unapproachable. They remained emotionless. Like lightening that flashed every once in a while during a storm, his eyes only flashed brightly whenever he was in her presence.

Not that she noticed. She never noticed anything about him, except for when he came close to usurping her from her position as top of her class. Whenever that happened, she would look at him with her dark brown eyes, finally looking at him and acknowledging his presence. But that never lasted long. By the next day, she would have done enough work to make it impossible for anyone else to catch up to her.

But never for him. Never.

Her lips were unresponsive to his kisses, but he drank from her lips like a man dying. He drew back a little and gently traced a line down her cheek with his fingers. Her eyes were pools of darkness that held the look of fear. Tenderly he kissed her again, content with the knowledge that she felt something for him. He licked her neck, nuzzling into her hair. Breathing in her scent. He bit her neck, making her quake with fear.

He glanced up at her, catching her eyes and trapping her in his gaze. She looked away. He moved so that his body was aligned with hers, his face lying on the pillow, looking at her again. She looked at him, taking in the obsessive look in his eyes. The dark promise they held for her.

He roughly unbuttoned her blouse, causing buttons to fly across the room as she stiffened and looked bleakly at the cracked ceiling. He snatched the catch on her bra, breaking the clasp, and again with her school skirt, but at last she was nude before him. He watched with amazement as her body broke out in goose bumps, chilled by the twilight air. Her body remained stiff, with shoulders slumped in resignation.

He paused, filling his memory with the sight of her. It had been a long time. He rubbed the goose flesh of her cold skin as he admired her body. Her body wasn't perfect. She was short, her head only reaching his shoulders. However, her arms and torso were slender and her legs were long. Her breasts were small on normal girls, but large on a woman of her size. She was petite. She made many boys and men alike wish to hold her and protect her. She was graceful,

too. And in the eyes of many, she was beautiful. What made him catch his breath every time she crossed his path was that she never noticed the glances she received, nor did she realize the beauty she carried.

He became obsessed. How was it that she caused such stirring with his feelings? How was it that only she knew how to make his boil in anger and cause the fire of desire to burn through his body? How was it that she failed to acknowledge him and all the things he'd ever done to make her notice him? How?

He had always asked himself these questions. Growing angrier and angrier at each passing day that they were left unanswered. If she had just acknowledged his presence and acted like every other girl, he might have spared her the heartache of his obsession, but she was oblivious. Making it torture for him whenever she passed him, her light perfume leaving him with an erection that lasted through class, where many girls and boys alike noticed and glanced at with lust and envy.

He made her undress him. Shivering lightly every time her fingers brushed against his skin. He almost lost control, but he remained impassive. Watching her with eyes as dark as the sky before a storm. At last he was naked before her, his erection looming in front of him. He pushed her down and, taking her face in his hands, began kissing her more passionately. His hands whispered across her skin, tracing the delicate muscles of her back. The tattoo stood out in harsh contrast on his left arm, and she gazed, mesmerized.

Woman and snake, snake and woman.

He cupped her breasts and kissed them gently. The nipples were small and hard with the cold. With his tongue he ringed first one and then the other, and then slowly teased back and forth. She gasped, unaccustomed to the feeling of a man touching her. She had shared kisses, but had never had the time, or the man, to indulge in such activities. Her discomfort brought a smirk to his face. She was a virgin, and many men and women were aware of this. His erection quivered, as desire became enflamed in his blood. He rubbed against her and the look of alarm on her face made him thirst for her more.

His hand moved down to her thigh and brushed across the brown curls hiding her sex. Impatient, he reached down and rubbed at the location of her nub, causing her to bite her lip hard. Blood welled up and dripped down the side of her cheek. He licked at the blood, groaning as the taste exploded in his mouth. Roughly, he nudged her hand towards his manhood, who's head was now weeping and almost purple with the amount of blood that had rushed towards it.

As she stroked it timidly, his hand in turn brushed past her dark curls to sink deep into her warm wetness. She squeaked in fear as he moved his fingers within her, curling his fingers and stroking her in a rhythm that left her breathless. Her eyes caught his, hers filled with pure unadulterated fear, his with dark lust and possession. Her lips quivered and she cried relentlessly.

Her cries urged him on as he continued his attack on her. He heard her breathless sobs for him to stop. Her cries for him to leave her alone only enraged him further.

“I won’t let you go.”

His voice was rough with passion and it caused her to pause from her sobs. She looked at his face and saw the dark anger that was present in his scowl. She shivered even more and nearly screamed when he suddenly lunged at her, grabbing her arms and folding it across his shoulder blades in a mockery of a hug.

“Hold me and do not let go. Or else I’ll make it hurt.”

Her body was shaking so much from her fear, he almost felt bad as he held her, but he strengthened his resolve and stayed above her. His body lying on top of hers, held up by his arms by the sides of her head. He stroked her hair away from her face, tutting at her as he wiped the tears away from her cheeks.

“Calm down. You’ll like it.”

The look on her face showed him she didn’t believe him for a minute. If anything, she started shaking even more, making him pull up in concern, thinking she was having a seizure of some sort.

She grasped his shoulders with her nails, making him hiss as the sharp pain coursed through his body and down to his member. She looked at him, her eyes begging for freedom.

“Please... please. Let me go. I beg you. I’m begging you. Malfoy....”

The second his surname passed her lips; he jerked himself to a sitting position. Glaring angrily at her, he kneeled over her body. Straddling her hips, his erection leaving a trail of pre-come across her torso.

“Never say my name mudblood.”

His angry hiss caused her to start and look up at him in surprise. She shrank away from him, pulling her knees up, but stopping short when he grabbed her thighs. His hands leaving bruises where he had her in his grasp.

He leaned down and began to stroke his tongue across her breasts. His tongue trailed down her body, along her ribcage to her bellybutton where he dipped his tongue in the groove. She squirmed, trying to get away from him, but his body locked her under him.

His hand slowly moved from her thighs to her sex. Roughly, he stroked her, making her gasp as feelings coursed through her body. When he heard her low gasp, he began to move his fingers roughly, adding a second finger.

She was tight. She had stiffened when he added his second finger, making him groan against her cheek. His breath brushing across her face and down her neck. She whimpered in pain. Even with only two fingers, it was painful for her. She had never touched herself before, always busy with schoolwork and helping her classmates.

His touch became gentle, but no less passionate. Stroking her, his fingers curled, touching her in a spot that left her bereft of all thought. She wasn't aware when, but somehow her small hands were now gripping his arms, her body undulating under his as he brought her to pleasure with his hands.

She gasped and a moan came out of her mouth when he rubbed her nub. The overload of senses making her throat hoarse, trying to keep in her sounds of pleasure. However, the faster his fingers moved, the faster her body thrashed against his.

“STO....”

She had tried to tell him to stop, the feelings too much for her to handle, but the second her mouth open, his fingers had curled, causing her to experience her first orgasm. She screamed against his chest as her orgasm caused her to see dots in front of her eyes. Her nails left angry red lines down his arms.

She knew he was pleased when he pulled himself up and looked at her. His lips in a smirk, his eyes filled with pleasure. She glared at him when he pulled his fingers out of her sex. She glanced at his fingers, streaks of white and pink covering his fingers. Her eyes widened when he sucked his fingers, his tongue running over his fingers, his eyes fluttering in pleasure.

He groaned.

He leaned back down over her and kissed her. Shoving his tongue into her mouth, making her taste herself. The taste of her pleasure and the lingering taste of her virginity coated her tongue. She pulled her face away, unable to understand the taste. He glanced at her, chuckling darkly against her ear.

“You’re weak. Look at this, you’re already melting in my hands.”

She glared at him and tried to pull away, the anger towards his comment giving her the courage to fight against him. He narrowed his eyes at her defiance and slapped her roughly across her cheek, making her cry out in pain.

“Never pull away from me.”

He roughly grabbed her and shoved her thighs apart. She cried out, her fear coming back to her. She pushed at his chest as he pulled her towards him. Throwing punches, her fist knocked against the side of his face, causing his hold on her to become loose. Taking her chance, she sprang up from the bed and ran towards the side of the room she saw him enter from.

He growled angrily.

She barely made it to the middle of the room before he caught her. Pulling on her hair, he lunged and threw her onto the bed. He flogged her relentlessly, her cries of pain and screams of terror echoing through the room. When he had released his anger on her, he grabbed her legs and parted them, settling himself between her thighs, his member rubbing across her sex.

She sobbed then. Crying out in fear and hopelessness. He rubbed his member up and down her slit. Coating her sex with his pre-come. Hissing whenever her body twitched as he passed

across her nub.

Roughly, he lifted her, and then closed his eyes; he impaled himself into her. Her tortured screams rang through the chamber. Her hands fluttered around his head as she sat in his lap, him deep inside her. Her virginity ran thickly down his member, coating her thighs and dripping onto the sheets. He groaned at how tight she was. His eyes closing and his breath coming out in rough pants.

Her whimpers sang in his ear and her tears ran down his cheek onto his chest. He opened his eyes and looked into her, they stared at each other before he suddenly moved. The movement caused him to land on top of her, his shaft still impaled in her body. The movement caused his eyes to darken and he grabbed her hips, pushing himself deeper into her.

As he thrust into her, not leaving her time to adjust to his size, his breathing quickened, and she closed her eyes, crying silently as his member rubbed the insides of her sex, hitting her cervix and causing pain to reverberate throughout her body.

He raised himself on his forearms and pumped back and forth. With each stroke he drove into her, crushing her soft breasts against his smooth hard chest. She whimpered faintly, now gasping for air as his thrust became rougher. But he breathed deeply and silently as he moved faster and faster.

His thrust were so rough, bruises were beginning to form on the insides of her thighs. Her silent cries became louder as her pain became more unavoidable. His pants of pleasure became growls as animalistic sounds escaped his mouth and brushed across her body. He twisted her legs up, bending her body so that she felt the veins on his shaft and the head of his member hitting her womb. As he pushed into her, his breathing became hitched.

She knew he was close to his release when she felt his ball sac tighten and rise. She opened her mouth, quietly begging into his ear for him not to release himself inside her. Her cries of horror at his upcoming release made him grin evilly at her. Her doe eyes widened in terror when she realized he was not going to pull out.

“This is what you are meant to do. This is what you are to me...”

At the moment of release, he came with an animalistic sound ringing through her ears. He sank down, still inside her, trapping her body under his and making it impossible for her to rid herself of his release. His body blocked her movement and his member blocked the escape of his release. As he lay breathing deeply, she cried loudly, her cries of pain, fear, and remorse ringing through the chamber.

He kissed her lightly. Making a mockery of his prior actions. He whispered into her ear how he would never let her go. How he would never let any other man but him touch her. He whispered how she enchanted him and it was her own fault for making him obsessed with her. He whispered how he hoped she would enjoy the gift he had left her. He whispered his praise for her body, for her intellect, for her beauty. His whispers were soft and his lips brushed against her ear, his kisses landing lightly against her cheek, her forehead, and her eyes, but she never acknowledged his whispers, or his kisses.

She merely stared at the cracked ceiling.